

The World.

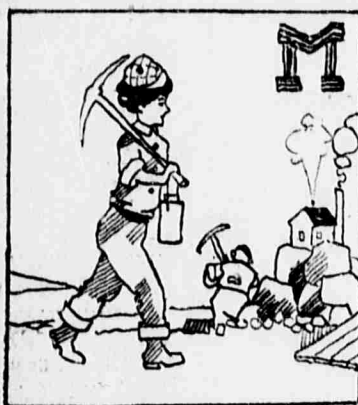
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VOLUME 49.....NO. 17,124.

A WOMAN IN MAN'S CLOTHES.



MR. AUGUSTA SEIB, after nine years' experience as a hotel and restaurant waiter, has had to return to woman's clothes. She was overcome by the heat and the hospital doctor found the body of a woman underneath a man's gray suit, striped shirt and collar and heavy men's shoes.

Mrs. Seib's husband was arrested as a bigamist shortly after he married her. She dropped his name and called herself Gus Seib, a trifling change from Augusta to Augustus. This was after she had worked in a restaurant as cook and found out that the waiters made more money, but that she could not become a man waiter without dressing and acting like one. She learned to smoke cigars, to stand up at the bar and take a drink and to swear. With this equipment of masculine vices Gus Seib had no difficulty in getting a waiter's job. As a waiter she was a success. She worked at the Savoy, the Astor, the Marlborough, and saved money. Then she opened a small restaurant of her own which did not succeed. She returned to man's clothes and was on the search for a job as a waiter again when she was overcome by the heat.



This story tells the tragedy of a life of disappointment, hard work, unsatisfied ambition and final failure.

This woman had more spirit, courage and energy than most men. She says of her reason, "I found out it was easier for a man to make a good living, and having a living to make I didn't waste any time on theories."

It is easier for a man than a woman to make a living by working for wages. The easiest way for a woman to make a living is to get some man who has proved that he can make a living easily to support her. The big salaries rarely go to women. The big prizes in business or the professions are seldom a woman's.

Industries which women almost monopolize pay hardly half the wages that men's industries pay. For the same work a woman school teacher is paid less than a man. Women cashiers, typewriters, stenographers and clerks receive 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. of a man's pay.

These are facts. Do they not prove that women's natural occupation and means of support are in the home and that their entrance into wage earning occupations has the effect of lessening the number of men who are able to earn enough to support wives and rear families?

It is doubtful whether the condition of women as a class has been bettered by their entrance into wage-earning employments. More than a fifth of all the women in the United States are now working for wages and the percentage is increasing. Many of these are married women. Many women have to continue working for wages after they marry since their husbands' incomes are too small to support them.

If there are to be homes, somebody must keep house. A boarding-house is not a home. A hotel is not a home. A home is an entity, a family unit. It is something more than a partnership, something in addition to the mere fact of matrimony.

It is difficult to make out how a home can be created and maintained if both the man and the woman spend their days working for wages somewhere else. Also, how are children to be born and properly reared unless the mother gives up her wage earning?

Obviously, for women to attain an economic equality with men they must abandon the economic handicaps of children and home life.

Letters from the People.

Old Sol and the Earth.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"Superstitions mixed up matters and stirred men's minds when he declared that the earth turned on its axis. While the majority of people share in his conviction, there are many who believe that the earth is stationary while the sun revolves around it. Now, in order to make the circuit of 29,000,000 miles in twenty-four hours old Sol would have to hustle and speed along at the rate of 2,600 miles per second. Gee whizz! What tremendous velocity for a body a million times bigger than the earth! What haste and hurry unbefitting to the dignified majesty of the sky the ruler of the planets! What waste of energy in this cosmic economy!"

"Voiceless" Program.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read of Mr. Maxin's invention of a noiseless gun that makes only a slight click when discharged. A person on the street won't be safe, I think, from being "clicked" down to business places. There will be a good many places "clicked" out of the way by robbers. After that "clicker" is on the market I think there will be half as many more

people taking chances with assassination. As it is, it could be done without any one hearing the shot. This Government, in my opinion, ought not to grant a patent on such a weapon, but should forbid its manufacture and sale.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is a marriage license necessary in New Jersey if both parties live there?

To Make Shaving Easier.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
For years I've used hot water for shaving. Recently, being out in the country, where I can't get hot water, I saw cold water for shaving. To my surprise, I found it easier for me to shave with cold water than with hot. The razor does not "pull" so hard, the blades seem softer and the skin less tender. Shaving is now the biggest reason that I won't give this hot water a try. It is worth it, may not work on others as it me, but may one explain the theory?

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was the year 1900 a leap year or not?

Big Bill at the Bat.

By Maurice Ketten.



When a Woman Who Has Children and No Wealth Confronts a Woman With Wealth and No Children--Well, Ask Mrs. Jarr.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"So glad to see you, my dear! So sweet of you to come, and how perfectly lovely of you to bring the dear children!" gushed Mrs. Stryver.

"It was such a nice, cool day after that awfully hot weather that I thought I'd run in to see you and bring the children before you went away for the summer," said Mrs. Jarr. "Willie! Take your feet down off that sofa!"

"They are such darlings!" said Mrs. Stryver, but eyeing nervously the little girl reaching for a marble statuette on a table nearby.

"Don't touch that, Emma!" warned her mother, seeing the appealing look in Mrs. Stryver's eye.

"Where's de dolly's dresses?" asked the little girl.

"It isn't a dolly, pet; it's an ornament," said Mrs. Jarr, with a mental reservation that made figures were not proper things in the home, especially where children could see them.

"Don't scold the little dear," said Mrs. Stryver sweetly. "How was she to know?" This implied that objects of art were an unknown quantity in the humble home of the Jarrs.

"We are Puritans, I must confess," said Mrs. Jarr blandly. "The old Mayflower instinct is still strong with us."

It was whispered that Mrs. Stryver's parents had come over not in the Mayflower, but in a modern steamship--in the steamer, Mrs. Stryver instinctively felt this was an indirect reference to the fact.

"Speaking of the Mayflower," she said, "I was reading the other day that it had a voyage of several months' duration, and there was no provision whatsoever for those aboard to bathe in all that time!" She had no means of disproving that Mrs. Jarr's ancestors came over in the famed vessel, but she thought this little comment might hold her for a while, any way.

"There was plenty of sea water, and you may be sure facilities of some kind were arranged," said Mrs. Jarr, bridling up on the cleanliness question as a matter of noblesse oblige. "If there's a will, there's a way. Besides, I've known of

people with marble bathtubs that seldom went into them except when showing them to visitors.

The shot went home, the Stryver bathroom being notoriously a show place.

"It was terribly warm, wasn't it?" said the hostess, thinking it best to change the subject. "Your children are looking well, though. Isn't it wonderful how they become accustomed in New York--children, I mean--to being cooped up in tenement-houses and the like?"

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Jarr, "I couldn't answer that, you know. Of course, our apartments are modest, but they are light and airy and very cool, all things considered. But, then, we pay a terrible rent, too, and if one has the luxury of children--Willie stop kicking that sofa--we must deny ourselves other comforts."

"Mamma, why is the lady's face so red?" asked the little girl, "and why is her hair so yellow?"

Mrs. Jarr's reply was a resounding slap.

"I never saw such a poltroon child," she said in an aside to the winning Mrs. Stryver. "Of course, she is not used to seeing rouge, you know."

"Has the little boy any nervous affection?" asked Mrs. Stryver, biting her lips.

The boy in question was writhing in the greatest delight and "making faces" at his sister in the sheer joy of seeing her slapped. Mrs. Jarr gave him a slap for himself that stopped the pantomime and started him screaming with his sister.

"Oh, dear, I don't know what makes them act so! They always behave at home or when they are in the company of nice people," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose it's the weather gets them fretting."

"Possibly," said Mrs. Stryver coldly, "but it must be very trying--and then children are so destructive!"

"Well, we must go now," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose you will be going to Newport again?"

This was a sting. The Stryvers had endeavored to "get in" at Newport, but had been serenely ignored.

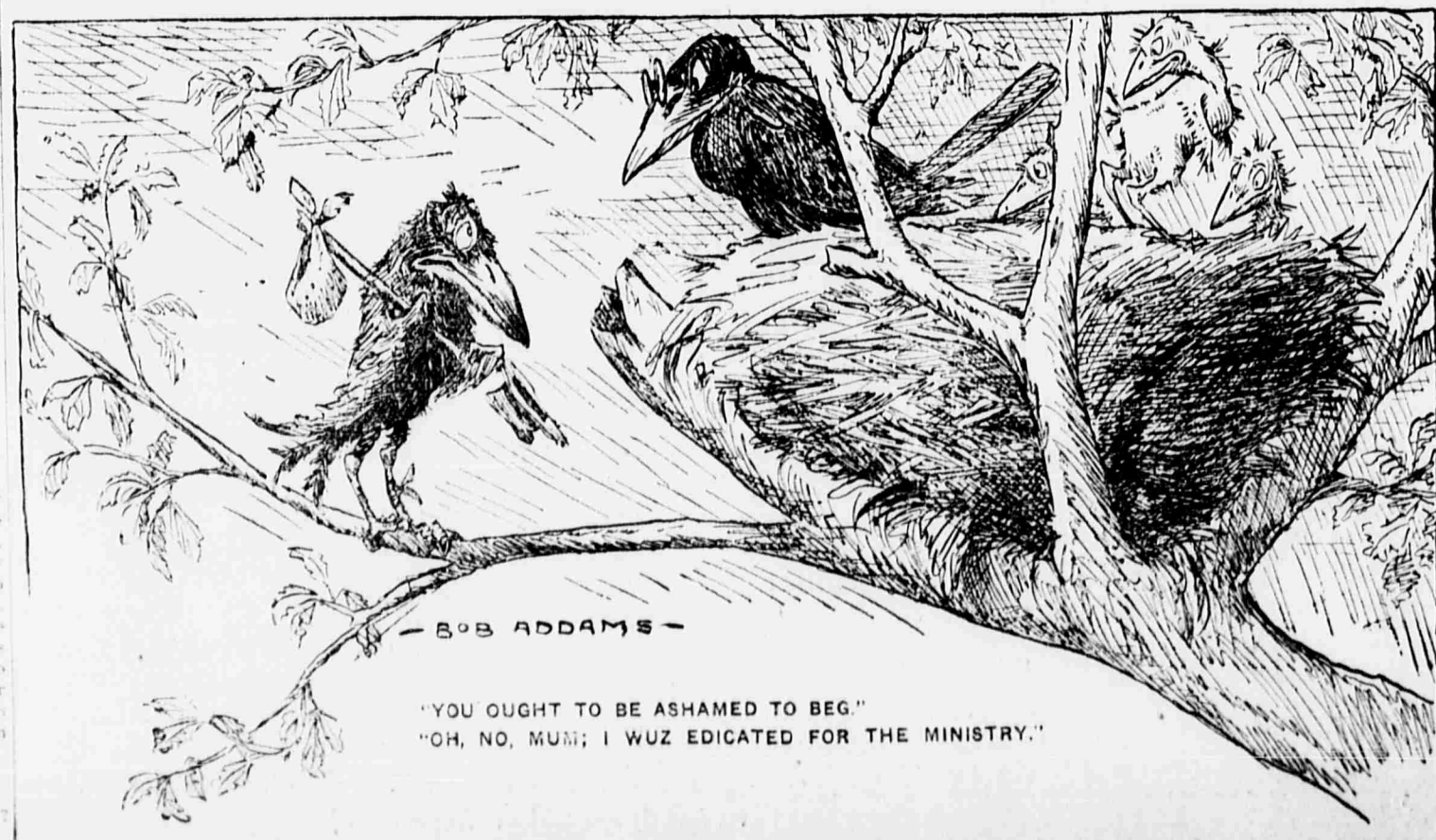
"I'd just as leave think of going to Coney Island," said Mrs. Stryver. This was a hit at the Jarrs. They DID go to Coney Island.

"Well, good-by, dear!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Willie and Emma, say good-by to Mrs. Stryver!"

As she went out Mrs. Jarr said to herself, "Poor woman, with no children!" Mrs. Stryver's mental comment was "Poor woman, with THOSE children!"

Listen to the Birds

By Bob Addams



"YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED TO BEG."
"OH, NO, MUM; I WUZ EDUCATED FOR THE MINISTRY."

20 Husbands

All of Them More or Less Undesirable.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. 10--Mr. Magnanimous, the Forgiving Husband.

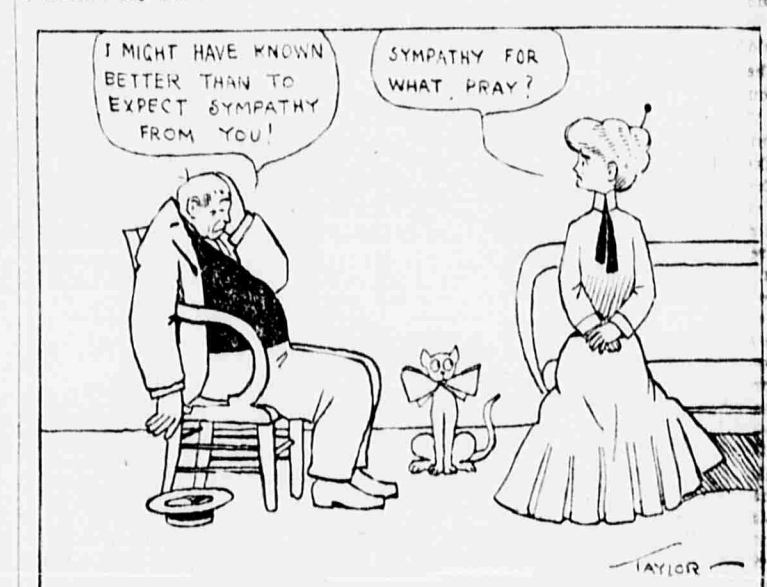
SHAKE hands with Mr. Magnanimous, the husband who forgives his wife for his own shortcomings, the domestic diplomat who can come home at 4 in the morning and by the magic of his magnanimity turn his wife's righteous indignation into an attitude of meek apology.

Of all the twenty types of undesirable husbands he is perhaps the least objectionable and the most amusing.

Indeed, if his wife has a strongly developed sense of humor, I doubt if she finds him objectionable at all. She has always the joy of wondering for what Mr. Magnanimous is going to contrive to forgive her.

It takes genius to transform an indignant wife into a murmurer of meek apologies, to turn the accusing arm of justice inward till she resembles a penitent, striking her breast in confession. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Magnanimous does.

Perhaps Mrs. Magnanimous has waited up till 12 for her husband, who excused himself soon after dinner to go out and get a glass of beer and who promised to be back in fifteen minutes. Perhaps she has a few remarks to make when he comes in. Four hours of watching the clock, of fearing that he has been run over and killed, have not sweetened her temper. So all the submerged criticisms of his character and deportment that four years of marriage have developed in her subconsciousness rush suddenly to the surface and sweep over him. But do they overwhelm him? I should say not!



"I'm Sorry to Have Disturbed You!"

An expression of pained gentleness used you. Suddenly I felt very ill. I closed his usually cheerful features. He don't know whether it was ptomaine poisoning or a return of my old trouble, eyes close wearily. Finally he speaks in a polar voice:

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," he says. "I might have known better than to expect sympathy from you."

"Sympathy!" echoes his wife scornfully, but there is an undercurrent of anxiety in her tone. "Sympathy, what for?"

Mr. Magnanimity is apparently too exhausted to speak.

His wife crosses the room and lays her hand on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, dear?" she says. "Can't you see I'm not well?"

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